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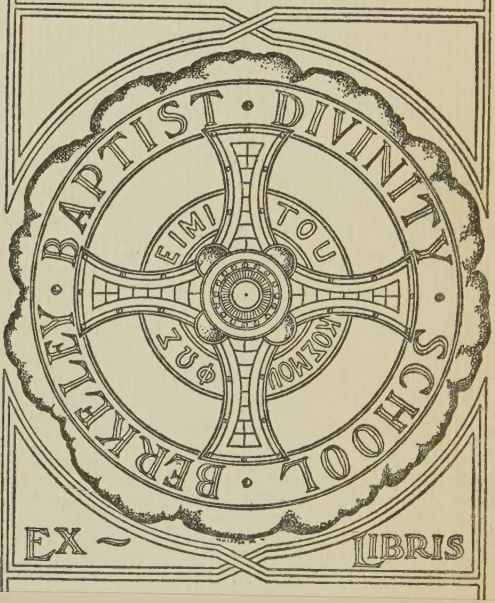

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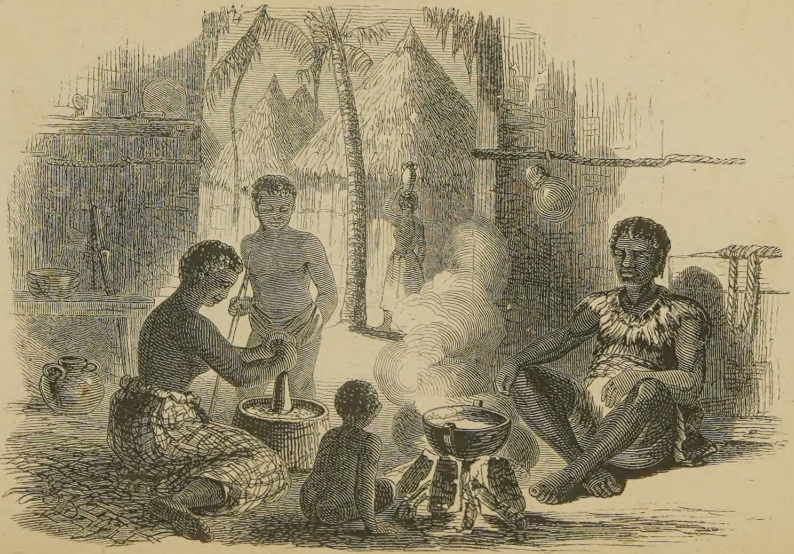


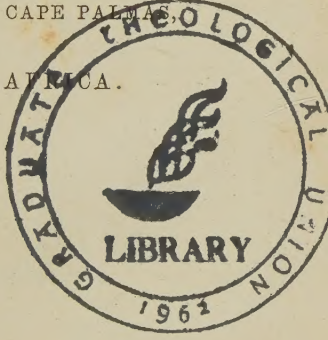
GLIMPSES

OF

LIFE IN AFRICA.

BY MRS. ANNA M. SCOTT,

MISSIONARY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CAPE PALMAS, WEST AFRICA.



PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

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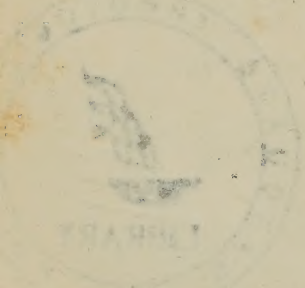

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GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA.

HEATHEN HOUSES.

How surprised many children in civilized lands would be to visit a heathen house in Africa.

"What a queer, black little house! Do human beings really live in that low, smoky place?" would be their natural exclamation. Yes, it is even so. Millions of people have lived and died in just such houses. Nor would this trouble us greatly could we hope that their spirits ascended to a brighter home in heaven, when their bodies were laid in the narrower house appointed for all the living. The love of God and the hope of heaven can make the meanest hovel on earth a happy home—aye,

> "Even a *prison* a palace would prove,
> If Jesus would dwell with us there."

Hyano, the owner of a happy heathen home we have just visited, has been for some time an humble follower of Jesus; and *Kwiaba* his wife has lately avowed her faith in Christ. When we reached their home, the *Kai dé*, as the mother of the house is called, left the rice which she was pounding for the evening meal, and came forward, followed by her smiling children, all of whom saluted us in a cordial manner, with the customary salutations, "*Nah wio*, mammy?"* "*Nah wio?*"—how are you? "*Tomo kwa*"—touch my hand. The father, who had just returned from his work on the rice farm, politely invited us to be seated, on low chairs in front of the house, saying as he did so,

"How you be, sir, ma'am?"

"We are well. How are you, Hyano?"

"Me be sick a leetle; my leg been sick plenty; but my heart be happy too much."

"It must be a great comfort to you to have Kwiaba come out with you on the Lord's side."

"Ah, me tank God much. Some people in dis town have two, tree, four wives—have woman palaver all times. Spose a man have one wife,

* *Mammy*, is the general name applied by the *Greboes* to all foreign women, single or married, young or old.

he no have woman palaver too much; spose she hear *God palaver* all the same as he, then he be glad plenty. *Him heart lie down.*"

"Do the people trouble you and Kwiaba much?"

"Ah, yes, sir, ma'am; dey come here all times—talk, talk, talk plenty—say we be fool for go mind God palaver."

"How do you treat them?"

"Spose dey hear my word, me say, dat word you teach me be *true;* be good word; make my heart glad plenty. Spose dat word *no* be true, missionaries no leave deir country people, come here to die. White man's country pass our country too much. All *kroomen** know dat."

"If they will not hear you, what do you do?"

"Spose dey no hear my word, me go hide—shut my door." Here he arose and went in for his Testament, which he handed to me, saying, "Mammy, my heart say now, you read me how Jesus walk on de sea."

"Do you remember what I read the last time?"

"Ah, me *sabby* all dat. My heart be hungry

* Sailors.

now for more. Me want to hear *all* God's word."

As I read slowly to him the chapter he desired to hear, he frequently interrupted me with the exclamation, "Stop a bit; let my *heart* catch dat;" and his eyes sparkled with joy whenever he fully comprehended a verse which had at first appeared difficult.

Though he cannot read, Hyano is favored above his wife, in being able to converse in the English language, which he acquired in early youth, while serving on board of trading-vessels in the capacity of a *kroo-man*.

As the hour for evening prayer drew near, we went into his house. It was an humble place, but very clean and orderly. The earthen pot in which their frugal supper was about to be cooked, rested on three bricks in the centre of the circular room, and the smoke was escaping through the narrow doorway. An abundant supply of wood was nicely arranged in a frame over our heads. In this particular, by the way, the *Grebo* women vie with each other—the neat arrangement of the wood being considered an indication of a good *kai dé*, or housekeeper.

Two or three chests were standing around on the nicely-swept mud floor, while the walls were adorned with numerous wash-basins and wooden bowls. In another frame, over our heads, were packed away the coarse mats, which at night are laid down for beds.

All the Grebo houses except the *Bodiâ's*—which is generally square—are built and furnished in this style. The kings and chief men make a greater display of crockery-ware, etc. They have also more houses than a private individual, as each of their numerous wives must have one to herself.

Soon the hour for evening prayer arrived, and three other native Christians came in as usual, to join with Hyano in family devotions. It was a most pleasing sight to us; for though these poor people had no clothing save a coarse cloth, we were assured that in the sight of God, "who is no respecter of persons," they were deemed among the honorable of the earth; and doubtless angels looked down upon them with interest, as heirs to crowns which will be incorruptible when all the fashions of this vain world shall have for ever passed away.

Would I could add that scenes like this are

common. But alas, so far from that, the worshippers just described, stand alone in this heathen town, and have to bear the jeers and contempt of all their people, for having abandoned the faith of their fathers. But what matters that? After a few fleeting years they will be at home with that precious Saviour who said, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for great is their reward in heaven."

AFRICAN OFFERINGS.

The Greboes, like all native Africans, are very much afraid of evil spirits, or rather, of *offended* spirits. They believe that all spirits, good and bad, have great power; and that any want of attention and respect from mortals, excites wrath, and brings down upon them severe punishments.

Every heathen family professes to have a *ku*, or spirit, whom they regard as their presiding genius, and to whom they are in the habit of making offerings of food, rum, and household furniture. They foolishly imagine that this *ku* has the power of conferring favors, and sending

troubles upon them. If they have ill-luck, they say that their *ku* is angry, and that they must make an offering to appease him. If they are going to war, they must first make an offering to the *ku*, or he will not be propitious, and grant them the victory. Are they sick? It comes from the *ku*, and to him they must go for relief—the *demon-doctor* generally prescribing the manner of propitiation, or appeasing his anger.

A curious incident, illustrative of this superstition, occurred in one of our native towns some time since. An old woman, believing that the disease with which she was suffering was caused by the displeasure of her *ku*, prepared an offering of choice food, to allay his wrath. Before she had offered it, *Wia* the king of her town—who was more enlightened, and consequently had but little faith in such offerings—came into her house, and seized the food, and to the horror of the old woman, threw it away. Soon after this occurrence, *Wia*, who was one of the wisest and best men of the Grebo tribe, sickened and died. The old woman, who meantime had entirely recovered, ascribed his death to her *ku;* and to this day firmly believes that, offended by *Wia's* contempt, her

ku transferred her disease to *Wia*, and thus caused his death.

In addition to these family spirits, which seem in some degree to accord with the household gods of the ancients, the Greboes worship public spirits, or *devils*, who are not supposed ever to have inhabited human bodies. Two of these great spirits are said to dwell in this neighborhood. *Beda Nyebo* is supposed to inhabit a picturesque rock, called *Dodo Lu*, projecting into the ocean about half a mile from Cavalla; and the other, *Si-u Bu Wia*, lives in the bush, east of Cape Palmas.

To these spirits or devils, the people make sacrifices of fowls, goats, and bullocks. By the mass, they are held in great reverence; but I am happy to say, that through the influence of missionaries and colonists, their faith in them has been greatly weakened, and such sacrifices are becoming less frequent.

There is much reason to hope that the time is now drawing near, when the Greboes will be fully convinced that the Christian's God is the only dispenser of all good gifts, temporal and spiritual; and that all their sorrows and troubles have arisen from *sin against him*, and

not, as they vainly imagine, from the malice of inferior spirits.

Then will they gladly hear the beautiful story of the cross; and their troubled souls will find rest in the belief that God has once offered up his *Son*, as a propitiation for the sins of the world; and that the only sacrifice required of man, is that of a broken spirit, and a contrite heart.

THE BODIÂ'S FATE.

From the piazza of the Cavalla mission-house, we witnessed to-day another of those sad sights by which the missionary to Africa is so frequently and so deeply pained—the *gĭdu*, or sassa-wood ordeal.

The victim, in this instance, was one of high rank—the *Bodiâ*, or high-priest of the Cavalla towns—who was condemned for having brought ill-luck on his people. The alleged crime which led immediately to his arrest, was the transfer of public lands, *by means of witchcraft*, to their enemies, the Grahwayans.

When we first saw him, he had been some hours under the influence of the poisonous

drink, and was lying prostrate on the beach, hemmed in by an infuriated crowd, who seemed elated with savage delight at his apparently dying agonies.

It was most heartrending to see this unfortunate victim of superstition thus perishing without the slightest sympathy from his people, while the sun shone so brightly over us, and all nature smiled so sweetly around. The restless ocean, casting up mire and dirt at his feet, seemed alone to harmonize with the fierce passions of the angry mob.

At the instigation of a *demon-doctor*, he was arrested last Sunday morning, just as religious services were being held in the native chapel, a few steps from his door. Yes, while this wretched man was being dragged off to torture and a hopeless death, a few of his ignorant countrymen had assembled to hear the glad tidings of the gospel—"a stumbling-stone and a rock of offence" to such as he, but "to those who *believe*, life everlasting."

After roughly divesting the Bodiâ of his official ring and dress, they put on him a coarse country cloth, and thrust him into the roof of a hut, which, being built of a conical shape,

was contracted almost to suffocation; and to add to his misery, they kindled a fire immediately below him, so that the smoke and heat quickly penetrated his thatched floor. No tongue can adequately describe the sufferings which he endured while confined, with little or nothing to eat or drink, in this *miserable hole* for three days—that being the time which elapsed before he consented to drink the poisonous cup.

His agony of mind must have surpassed that of his body; for he was both timid and superstitious, and could only look forward to a horrible and hopeless death. He knew his people, and must have felt convinced, that innocent or guilty, he *must die*. Perhaps conscience brought before him in his hour of trial the many innocent and inoffensive victims upon whom he had, from mere suspicion, or perhaps revenge, forced this dreadful ordeal. One of the girls in our mission-school is his daughter; and shows deep feeling for her unfortunate father.

The missionaries have interceded for him in vain. The unvarying answer to all their entreaties was, "He be *witch;* and he must take

gĭdu; this be our country fashion." This, to a Grebo, seems an all-sufficient reason for every sinful practice in which they indulge. They also added in reply, "If he does not die to-day, we will make him drink sassa-wood again to-morrow."

But he *is* dead. A few minutes after this speech, the poor old *Bodiâ* stretched himself out on the sand, and expired. No lamentations, no offerings, or firing of guns for him. He may not even be laid beside the canoe-covered graves of his forefathers, but must be dragged off, according to African custom, just at sunset, and buried in water, or marshy ground, alone. Even before his death, his official ring was transferred to a young boy, belonging to his family, his brother having run off to avoid the office, which is hereditary, and by no means desirable, on account of the many restrictions to which the individual holding it is subjected. One of the most foolish and inconvenient, is that which prohibits the Bodiâ from eating in town while any dead body is lying there.

The duty of the Bodiâ is to offer sacrifices, and to take care of the town *gree-grees*. He is a sort of prince-priest, and lives in an anointed

house, differing in shape from other houses. The situation is one of danger, as he is very closely watched, and on mere suspicion condemned to a cruel death. Scarcely one has escaped the charge of witchcraft—scarcely one has died a natural death.

Oh, when shall superstition cease out of this dark land? Let the friends of Africa pray unceasingly, that the Lord God omnipotent may hasten the reign of his Son. The Sun of righteousness alone can dispel the gross superstitions which, like so many thick clouds, have for ages shut out poor Africa from all that is bright and cheering in this life, and in that to come.

Alas, it is as true now, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, as it was in the days of the psalmist, that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

DEVIL ROCK.

About three miles east of Cape Palmas, on the way to Cavalla, bounded on the north side by the smooth waters of Sheppard's lake, and

washed on the south by the billows of the vast Atlantic—stands a huge brown rock called by the native Africans Devil rock. The literal translation of the Grebo name, would be Spirit rock; for the word *ku*, may apply equally to a good or bad spirit.

This rock is quite near an opening into one of the groves where they bury their dead, and which they believe to be frequented by the *kwi*, or spirits of their deceased friends.

Hither they bring offerings of their choicest food, fruit, and household utensils, for the use of the spirits. The very poor, who have nothing better to offer, collect shells from the beach, and deposit them on this rock.

In travelling with natives, missionaries have observed them to stop and place there a few leaves of tobacco, or a little piece of cloth; saying that their friends would be offended if they passed them without notice.

The Greboes believe, as did the ancient Romans, that the dead are exalted in the next world according to their rank in this life.

They sometimes pray to NYESOA, (God,) but they much more frequently pray to their departed friends, for *money* and other earthly

gifts. Not feeling themselves to be sinners, they do not, of course, pray to be freed from sin—as no man will call for a physician who does not feel himself to be sick.

Most of the African tribes have a vague idea of God as the creator of the world, and the dispenser of earthly comforts; but they have no idea whatever of future punishment, or their need of a Saviour. They seem to have more fear of *evil spirits*, than of NYESOA; and are continually devising modes of propitiating them.

Only those who live among the heathen, can fully understand how strongly they are fettered by superstition. If it were not for God's promises, the hearts of missionaries would utterly faint at the thought of the greatness of the work, and the difficulties attending it; but, "though heaven and earth shall pass away," God's word can never fail; and he has declared that he will give the *heathen* to his Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run."

AFRICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Superstition, that hydra-headed monster, presents many strange phases in Africa, some of which are extremely absurd. Not long since, the people in a neighboring town undertook *to search in the ground for thunder.* A very severe thunder-storm occurred, which lasted longer than common. When the thunder began, they commenced firing guns to frighten it away; but finding this of no avail, and that on the contrary, it grew louder and louder, they determined to try some other means.

As nothing of importance can be done without the advice of a demon-doctor, they called for one, and asked him what should be done. After some thought, he promised to search for and discover the object of their dread. Accordingly, after digging with much apparent earnestness around the walls of the town, he produced a *small piece of iron*, which, with great solemnity, he assured the deluded people was their much dreaded enemy—*thunder.* According to their version of the story, he immediately died, and remained dead three hours. When he came to life again, he remembered nothing

of what he had done. This they ascribed to the great power of *witchcraft*.

Another instance of foolish superstition was shown by a native boy who was lately travelling with a missionary. He happened to find a hat on the beach, and was observed to pick it up with much eagerness; but after a few minutes his countenance changed, and he seemed disposed to fling it down. When asked the cause of his hesitation, he said it had just occurred to him that the owner of the hat might possibly be a *dead* man; and if so, "*his ku*," or spirit, "*would bring plenty trouble on him.*"

A short time since, a man near Cavalla killed a young leopard; whereupon the people assembled and *anointed him with ashes*, after which they dressed him in holiday attire, cooked him a fine dinner, fired guns, danced, and some of the women chanted to him an impromptu song, setting forth his bravery, etc. It seems they have a superstition that whoever kills a leopard, will bring good luck upon the town in which he lives. He certainly will, as our observation has shown us, bring good-luck upon himself, and be feasted and flattered as much, according to their means, as the victo-

rious general of a great army, in a civilized land. We were not so much surprised at the last part of the performance as at the first; for it is not at all astonishing that they should rejoice when an animal so dangerous as a leopard is slain; but why they anointed the poor man *with ashes*, still puzzles us. The only answer we could get, when we inquired, was, "It be our country fashion."

At the beginning of the present rice-harvest, the people of the Cape Palmas towns brought in a little rice from each farm, and called in the demon-doctor to mix up some medicine with the rice, of which they all partook, *in order to prevent sickness during the year.* It seems that the last time this ground was sown with rice, they had unusual sickness. This they believed was caused by a certain man in town making witch for the land. So they brought him up to the *Bodiâ's* house, and forced him to eat *first;* and then, after eating their share, they went to their homes, rejoicing in the belief that they had thus broken his power of witchcraft.

Time would fail me to tell of all the strange and foolish superstitions of these poor people. It is enough to make an angel weep, to see

beings made "in the image of God" so deeply sunk in gross superstition.

Could Christians in civilized lands witness what we with sorrowful hearts see daily, they would use every means in their power to hasten on that happy day when superstition shall be entirely banished by the light of the gospel, "and from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same," the name of the Lord of hosts "shall be great among the heathen."

THE SPIRIT'S HOME, OR KING WIA'S GRAVE.

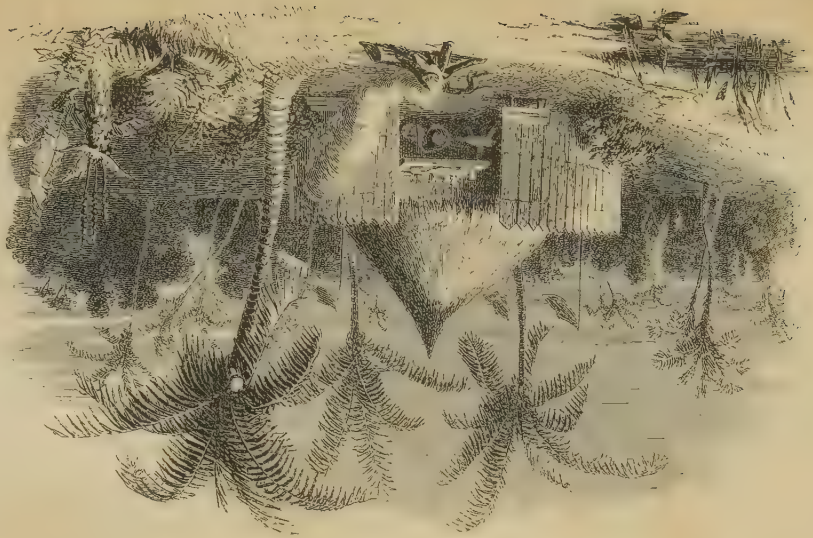
I have just returned from a visit to the grave, or I might say with propriety, the monument of an African king. It resembles a native house, built over the grave in token of respect by his family. It is well shaded by three graceful cocoanut-trees, and differs from their ordinary houses only by being in a solitary place, and surrounded by a rough fence, the gate of which is opened every day, that the passer-by may look in and examine the tumblers, plates, and household utensils which are

placed there *for the use of the spirit.* No heathen could be found daring enough to steal the property of the spirit; even food may stand there for days untouched, such is their awe of the dead.

An unusual number of flags are floating from king *Wia's** tomb—a sure sign of his wealth and popularity. This mark of respect is exclusively confined to kings, warriors, and distinguished men. Every evening at sunset, a fire is kindled in front of the grave, to keep the spirit warm, and comfortable seats are placed near, for his accommodation.

The sacred grove in which the *people* bury their dead, is beautifully situated in the rear. The Greboes believe that it is frequented by the *kwi*, or spirits of their deceased ancestors. The branches of the trees meet, or are so interwoven by luxuriant vines, that it is only at rare intervals, the wanderer through this heathen burial-place catches a glimpse of the blue sky. Solemnly beautiful as is the scene, I have seldom felt so sad as during my ramble among these heathen dead. Hopelessness seems written on every tree, vine, and canoe-covered

* Pronounced *We-ah*, or *Weir*.



grave; and it is very painful to encounter at every turn, propitiatory offerings of furniture and food to spirits whose eternal destinies have long since been fixed by an immutable God.

The numerous monkies which frequent these burial-groves, can play with impunity; for here, and here alone, they are perfectly safe. It is regarded by the people as a great crime to shoot one of these animals in a burying-ground; for the Greboes believe in *the transmigration of souls*, and think the spirits of their departed friends sometimes return in the bodies of these monkies.

The Greboes do not of course believe in the resurrection of the dead—this comforting doctrine being peculiar to Christianity. The phrase which they use when speaking of a person just deceased, "*A te we ne*"—his things are finished—he has come to an end—is very expressive. When an infant dies, they say, "*A wo ne*"—it has passed away.

Now, while I am writing, I hear the firing of guns—two together—the usual signal that another soul has departed. Mournful thought! The earthly probation of another heathen soul

ended, and his immortal spirit for ever passed beyond the hope of mercy.

> "Great God, on what a slender thread
> Hang everlasting things!
> The eternal state of all the dead,
> Upon life's feeble strings."

King *Wia* was one of the greatest and best men of the Grebo tribe, and a warm friend of the missionaries. Though, like king Agrippa, "*almost* persuaded to become a Christian," he lived, and died, and was buried as a heathen. Of all the sad sights upon which the bright sun of heaven shines, a heathen burial is among the saddest.

As soon as *Wia* expired, his female relatives were sent for, far and near, to wail over his body. At stated hours, for two days, they gathered around the corpse and wailed loud enough to be heard at the distance of half a mile; sometimes they beat themselves and rolled on the sand with violent contortions of body, forcibly reminding us of Jeremiah's description of the hired mourners among the ancient Jews.

Meantime the body of the king had been painted red, and laid in state in front of his

house. On the day of the funeral, all his household furniture and personal property were brought out and exhibited to the spectators. The body was then carried to an open plain, where a scene ensued which almost baffles description. Hundreds of soldiers dressed in African war-costume, their bodies painted, and partly draped with furs, and their heads dressed with feathers and the horns of wild animals, performed military evolutions peculiar to themselves around the corpse, wildly firing over and *upon* it, dancing and shouting all the time like maniacs.

When this performance was ended, formal addresses were made to the deceased: the one from his brother was peculiarly striking; referring to difficulties which had existed between them, he said "they were all settled now," and begged *Wia* to be propitious to him, and grant him success in his worldly pursuits. At the conclusion of his speech, he took up several burning faggots, and with an expressive gesture, threw them into water. The body was then carried to the grave, in which had been placed part of a bullock, a jug of rum, a quantity of rice, and other articles of food for the

use of the spirit. Without further ceremony, poor old *Wia* was hastily interred, and left to the solitude of his last dark home.

During the whole scene, an immense crowd of men, women, and children, of all ages, were looking on with evident delight. Many of them were intoxicated, and all seemed striving to drive away serious thought, and to set death at defiance.

This dark picture will give some idea of the horrors of heathenism. Scenes like this have been enacted for centuries, and will continue among Africa's degraded millions until the gospel of Christ shall drive Satan from this his last strong-hold; until

> "God shall arise and *Afric* view
> With an unclouded face,
> Until *her* time shall come—his own
> Appointed day of grace."

GOLA.

Gola was one of the orators of his tribe. When "palavers" and wars came, his people looked to him for sage advice. The colonists

of Cape Palmas also showed much respect for his judgment.

For many years, until his head was whitened by age, old Gola trusted in *gree-grees*, and worshipped *evil spirits;* but at length the Spirit of God, "sharper than a twoedged sword," penetrated his stubborn heart. He feared, believed, and trembled.

On a Sabbath evening—one ever memorable to him—Gola was present at the native chapel when the missionary made an earnest appeal to his audience to renounce *gree-grees*, to give them up publicly at once, and for ever. Great was the astonishment depicted on every heathen face when old Gola arose, and slowly but firmly wended his way to the pulpit, offered his hand to the speaker, and with a voice tremulous from emotion, said, "*Me give up gree-grees for ever.*"

After service, he invited the missionary to go to his house and receive all his gree-grees. One of them had belonged to his family before he was born, and was probably sixty years old.

Long and loud was the talk in his town that evening. What could Gola mean by thus *publicly* renouncing the faith of his fathers? Many

and bitter were the taunts which the poor old man had to bear from the more superstitious and degraded of his countrymen; while some of the more enlightened thought he might possibly be right.

Gola had now taken the first step towards Christianity. For the worship of *gree-grees* he began to substitute prayer to the only true and living God, and persuaded his son *Kra*, to join him in his petitions to the Most High. At first his views of spiritual things were very dim and confused, like the blind man in the gospel, who seemed to see "men as trees walking;" but gradually light increased, until at length the plan of salvation by Christ was revealed to his thankful, happy spirit. He laid the burden of his sins at the foot of the cross, and with childlike confidence went on his way rejoicing.

Gola now wished to become a member of Christ's visible church, but there was one great obstacle in his way: like the most of his people, he had several wives. If he renounced them, he would greatly offend his family, as according to their ideas, he must take a lower stand in society. Among the African tribes

generally, a man's rank is known by the number of his wives: they are considered very valuable property, inasmuch as they do most of the work on the rice-farms, in addition to bringing all the wood and water, and attending to household matters generally.

It could not be expected that one who had lived to old age with these ideas, could give them up without a struggle. Old Gola was much perplexed and troubled. Would he have strength to make the sacrifice? The missionaries and other Christian friends watched him with prayerful interest.

At length he gained the victory. The Spirit of God convinced him that whosoever loved wives, children, or land better than Christ, was none of his. One day he came to the missionary with a bright and beaming face, and requested to be baptized.

He told his wives of his intention, stating at the same time, that he intended to give up all save one; and that he would retain as his wife the one who showed most respect for Christianity.

Mlinde, his head wife, who is a woman of violent temper and prejudices, cared nothing

for and would hear nothing about the gospel. So, in opposition to all his friends who wished him to retain the head wife, he chose *Gidade*, his second wife, who was willing to attend church, and seemed desirous to understand these things. Gola showed his sincerity of purpose in thus choosing Gĭdade, for she alone of all his wives, had no children: he was guided in his choice mainly by the hope that she might one day become to him a Christian companion.

It was curious and interesting to watch the various expressions of the many heathen faces congregated to witness Gola's public profession of his faith in Christ. A few understood the nature of the service, but to the majority it was truly a strange thing. The expression of old Gola's striking countenance said as plainly as words, "At last my heart finds rest;" or as a Christian native woman observed to me, "My heart has *laid down*."

A short time after Gola professed Christ, the missionary asked his brother, who is a *demon-doctor*, whether he and his family did not wish to come out on the Lord's side also. His reply was striking. He said, "We believe this

word you speak be true; but we wait one while, see how Gola walk. Gola be a *lamp* for us. Spoze his light be bright, we follow."

God grant that Gola may indeed be as "a light set upon a hill," and become instrumental in leading scores of his benighted countrymen to the Redeemer of the world. We cannot see into the future, but we hope that the same God who has given him grace thus to come out from among the children of idolatry, will enable him to persevere unto the end. Few Christians in civilized lands, surrounded by many aids and encouragements in their Christian life, can fully understand the many obstacles which impede poor Gola in his journey heavenward.

When we think of him as being the only Christian in his town, and having to contend alone with the prejudices of a heathen community, we almost despair; we should altogether despair if it were not for the heart-cheering assurance, that "with God all things are possible."

"And Jesus lives to intercede,
That faith may still prevail;
He will support in time of need,
And Satan's arts shall fail."

DEAD ISLAND.

This name is applied to a beautifully green little isle of the Atlantic, about two hundred yards from Cape Palmas. It is a quarter of a mile long, and varies from fifty to a hundred yards in breadth.

This is the burial-ground of the *wealthy* inhabitants of the heathen towns of Cape Palmas, though none are excluded save the very poor, who have no friends to make offerings for them, the sassawood victims, and every *first-born son that dies in infancy*. This last restriction is probably intended to induce mothers to take good care of their children; and no means more effectual could well be devised, as it is considered a great misfortune to have their dead excluded from this beautiful ocean cemetery.

Very little ceremony is used in Africa when a corpse is *buried*. All the parade and funeral pomps are performed in the town, generally near the house of the deceased. We often see the body placed in a canoe, with the offerings for the departed spirit, accompanied only by three or four individuals to convey it over to

the island, where, in a hasty, unceremonious manner, they lay it on the ground, cover it with a canoe, stick up a flag—if the departed be a great man—and hasten back.

The colonial government has offered a considerable sum of money to induce the heathen to give up this island, but in vain. Attachment to their forefathers, or *fear of offending their spirits*, is even stronger with them than avarice, though certainly they are not surpassed in their love of money by any other people in the world.

As we gaze from our window upon this ocean burial-ground, and meditate upon the sad history of those who lie there, our hearts involuntarily ascend in earnest prayer for that happy day when the children of those departed ones shall bury their dead as Christians do, and with the cheering hope of a joyful resurrection from the grave.

AFRICAN FLOWERS.

The heathen of Africa care nothing for flowers. These beautiful gifts, so appropriately called "the smiles of God," have no charms

whatever for them. Indeed, they smile with a good-natured sort of contempt when they observe a foreigner cherishing a *kahfle*, as they call a flower.

And yet the flowers of Africa are scarcely surpassed in loveliness by any in the world. They differ generally from those of temperate climes in three striking characteristics: brilliancy of coloring, luxuriancy of growth, and in emitting their fragrance after sunset.

The last peculiarity has been admirably described by Moore, in speaking of that lovely native of India the fragrant Jasmine:

> ——"the flower that wakes while others sleep,
> The timid Jasmine-buds, that *keep*
> *Their fragrance to themselves all day,*
> But when the sunlight dies away,
> Let their delicious secret out."

A rare and beautiful species of the Jasmine grows wild in our African forests. The bushes sometimes rise to the height of ten feet, and are densely covered with large pinnate, oval leaves. The starry white flowers with pink stems, clustered on what botanists term a *cyme*, raise their delicate heads in striking contrast with the heavy masses of glossy dark green

foliage. Their fragrance is delightful. If we happen to awake at night in a room where a sprig of this odoriferous flower has been dropped, we are almost inclined to imagine, that instead of the dreaded *malaria* we strive so much to keep out,

> "The sweet south wind
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor,"

has by some miraculous means penetrated our closely shut African chamber.

The flowers in the interior of Africa are supposed to be more beautiful; but there are one or two specimens on the sea-coast which I think should not be passed without notice.

Of these, the most remarkable, perhaps, is the Chandelier Lily, so called from having six very narrow petals, four inches long, pendant from beneath, and six stamens an inch shorter, growing out of the margin of a delicate funnel-shaped corolla. It is a strikingly graceful and beautiful flower.

The *Acacia Mimosa*, said to be a native of the Nile, is a beautiful but fragile-looking tree, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with small yellow flowers peeping out from among its branch-

es of fine *sensitive* leaves, and giving forth a most delicious fragrance.

In passing through the forests, we are continually struck by the number of beautiful parasites, and the variety of luxuriant vines, so closely interwoven with the branches of tall trees as to form in some places a complete canopy. Most of them are covered with small white flowers, which unfold their starry petals just at sunset, and are apparently almost too delicate to handle.

Many of the flower-bearing *shrubs* of temperate climes, when transplanted here, attain to the height of trees. A few years since, a member of our mission brought across the Atlantic a small cutting of the oleander, from which has sprung a number of stately trees. Some in the garden at Cavalla, have already grown full twenty feet high, and are almost constantly covered with large double pink flowers, which for richness and beauty surpass any we have ever seen. A lovely sight it is to see these magnificent trees inhabited by birds of brilliant plumage.

We do earnestly pray that the day may soon come when these lovely gifts of our heavenly

Father to a fallen world, may here be appreciated by an enlightened and redeemed people; and that Africa, *spiritually* as well as naturally, may "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

AFRICAN OCCUPATIONS.

FARMING.

The natives of this part of Africa subsist chiefly by the cultivation of the soil.

About the first of January, the headman, or patriarch, apportions to the male members of each family their farms.

The work of clearing the farms now begins. At early dawn, those who live near heathen towns may hear various horns, calling the people from their slumbers to begin the day's work. After a slight meal of a cassada or plantain, they form into a long line and move off briskly to their farms, which are generally three or four miles distant.

The vines and thick undergrowth are soon cleared away with active hands, accompanied by cheerful songs, and the enlivening sound of the horn.

When the clearing is completed, and the

brushwood burnt away, the men give place to the women, whose business it is to *plant* the rice, each woman taking charge of the farm assigned her by her husband.

The planting is performed by digging holes with a small piece of iron—ploughs and hoes not being used by them—into which the rice is dropped and covered over.

From the time the rice appears above the ground until harvest, it requires the constant attention of men, women, and children to keep down the grass, and drive off the swarms of birds constantly hovering near.

About the first of August comes the rice-harvest, which continues two months.

Instead of mowing the rice with a scythe, as in civilized lands, they cut it, head by head, with a knife, which must necessarily be a very tedious operation.

From this time, for two or three months, the Africans *feast*, entirely unmindful of the season of *scarcity* which will certainly follow.

HOUSE-BUILDING.

When the harvest is over, house-building season arrives.

If any male member of a family needs a

house, the head man gives an order to all the young men to go out and bring in thatch. Sometimes it has to be brought five or six miles.

They first prepare narrow boards about five feet long, with which they construct the lower part of the house. After this is done, the man building the house, and his children and slaves, gather the material for framing.

Four posts varying from six to twelve feet in length, are now put in the ground so as to form a square; on these is placed the upper floor, made of timber and plaited bamboo. On the top of this are fastened poles, tied together so as to form the conical-shaped roof. These poles rest on the edge of the floor or platform, and extend down within five feet of the ground. The roof is then strapped around with pieces of ratan, on which is to be placed the thatch. After the whole house is securely tied together with ratan, the men, to whom this share of the labor falls, mount on ladders to the roof, and thatch it. The new leaf-thatched houses look very green and pretty for a short time, but the weather and smoke soon reduce them to a dingy black color. The largest of these houses

probably does not exceed one hundred feet in circumference—generally not more than fifty feet.

It is curious to see the natives move a house, which they frequently do, marching along the beach with a house on their heads, or shoulders, as might be preferred.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

This is made of four upright poles, on which is placed a conical-shaped thatched roof.

The bellows is formed from the trunk of a tree, by making two holes through it which terminate in a piece of stone of a conical shape, through which the air is conveyed to the fire; and pieces of sheepskin are placed over the openings at the opposite extremities, so as to regulate and secure the draught.

The work performed here is very simple. Each man has to manufacture a bill-hook and axe for himself, and for each member of his family, if required.

This, and the manufacture of baskets from the ratan, and mats from the dragonblood-tree, occupy the people when they are not fishing, until the time rolls around for the clearing of the farms again.

AFRICAN AMUSEMENTS.

After work, comes play. The rice-harvest gathered in, and houses built, the African thinks it is the "*time to dance.*"

Almost every day for two months, there is a town-dance. The drum, and *hobah*, a small triangular musical instrument, are going from morning till night. In the afternoon the drum summons the whole town to join in the public dance, and in a little while scores of men, women, and children, may be seen performing its evolutions in real African style.

It is a common practice, at this season, for the women to go to a distant town and spend weeks in this amusement. On such occasions great preparations are made for their reception. The whole town is in motion to receive them, when they hear of their approach. They come arrayed in their best holiday attire, sometimes bearing green branches in their hands, and singing and dancing as they advance. They are treated with the greatest hospitality during their stay, and of course receive many presents when they go.

Another favorite and very common amuse-

ment is *wora*, a game somewhat resembling backgammon.

During this season many "*palavers*" and petty quarrels arise, which, alas, too often terminate in the cruel sassawood ordeal. Perhaps there is no season when Satan's power over the people is more clearly manifest than at this.

KROOMEN.

Our first acquaintances in Africa were the *Kroomen*. An hour before the ship anchored, little egg-shell looking canoes, with most curious paddles, were seen fast approaching our vessel, and soon the voices of the merry-looking crew were heard, saying, "Please, Cappy, let we catch your ship."

When they came on board, they announced themselves as "Bottle of Beer," "Trust Money," "Jack Africa," etc. These names had been given to them by captains of vessels, for their amusement; and in several instances, we found were quite descriptive of their characters. They were fine, active-looking men, and withal, quite polite, saluting us with, "*Nah*

wio—how do you do—mammy?" "*Nah wio*, daddy?" at the same time offering to sell us bananas, oranges, etc. Their principal business on board, however, which they did not for a moment forget, was to get, if possible, a present of rum, tobacco, or cloth from the captain, and also to procure work on his *kobotonh*, that is, ship.

Many of these kroomen remain on trading-vessels for months and years together, thus acquiring the English language, and becoming good seamen.

When they return home, they come loaded with trade-goods, which they have taken in place of money for their wages. But the poor fellows do not long retain their hard earnings. As soon as they reach home, according to African custom, they must give a large portion to the head man of their families, and divide the balance among their friends generally. This practice of dividing, or as they say, "*eating one another's money*," is one of the greatest checks to industry and enterprise among these people. The young kroomen, however, enjoy a short triumph when they return from sea. They all bring with them one

dress-suit, in which to make their first appearance. We have seen as many as six of them parading arm in arm through the heathen towns, dressed, some in English costume, with black fur hats and feathers, others in cloths of brilliant colors and straw hats from which streamed five or six yards of black or fancy ribbons. They are always followed by crowds of admirers of both sexes.

This love of ornament is one of the ruling passions of the African. A young krooman lately assisted in carrying a sick missionary in a hammock to the native chapel, and before he would enter, walked back a quarter of a mile to get his new fur hat; in which he made his appearance some time after, his shoulders and chest remaining entirely bare.

These kroomen bring home with them ideas of civilization greatly in advance of their people. Many of them show a strong desire to learn, and the progress that they have made in a night-school recently established here, is truly remarkable; and it is an encouraging fact, that those who have been most apt to learn, are those most deeply interested in the gospel.

We doubt not, that in God's providence, the kroomen are to become important instruments in spreading civilization and Christianity throughout this dark land.

GI PAM.

Gi Pam, the present acting king of the Cape Palmas towns, was formerly a *deyâ*, or demon-doctor—in fact, the chief of that fraternity in this region.

It may perhaps be interesting to our readers to give a brief explanation of these characters. They resemble in some respects the magicians of the East, and profess to deal largely in witchcraft. They declare that they possess the power to foretell future events, to foresee dangers, and to confer upon individuals the power of avoiding them.

The *deyâ's* house has hung around it an unusual number of black-looking *gree-grees*, and sometimes bones of men, claws of birds, etc. Inside of his house, you will see hung in some prominent place, a bundle consisting of monkey

skins, mud, oil, and sticks, glued together in a fantastical manner. This he calls a *ku*. There are many more of the same sort, but of different sizes and shapes, strung about the room.

When any one comes to consult the deyâ, he must first show his money. Whereupon the deyâ professes to retire to obtain the answer from his demon. He goes up into the roof of his house, and shuts out the light of day. Presently the poor trembling visitor below hears him blow his magical horn, and soon most violent and unearthly noises are heard, accompanied by the rattling of chains and the tinkling of bells. The deyâ's voice is now heard, informing his visitor that his demon has come, and that he must hearken to the reply. The deyâ then goes on to tell some artful lies, which his deluded visitor implicitly believes.

Such are the deceptions formerly practised by *Gi Pam*, who is now a regular attendant at church, and has entirely abandoned the use of gree-grees. About four months since, he became convinced of the folly and uselessness of these little wooden charms, or gods; and in an assembly of the *Nyekbade*—old men—or rulers of the towns, at the house of the missionary,

pledged himself to use his influence to overthrow the *gree-gree* system; and sent to the missionary every gree-gree about his house.

So faithful has he been to his pledge, both in public and in private, that he has already succeeded in greatly changing the tone of public opinion.

Gi Pam professes to pray daily for a change of heart. Should he indeed become a Christian, his influence will greatly recommend the gospel to his tribe. He is a man of uncommon strength of character, and has ever been a leader among his people. He is at present the acting king, the real king being *a leper*.

There has been for some time past a great awakening among the people. These "dry bones have begun to shake." *Witchcraft* is much less talked about, and *gree-grees* are far less potent than formerly. They are also becoming anxious for education, and are more curious than ever before, to hear the gospel. Many are now asking, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?"

Surely these are cheering indications that the day is drawing near when these heathen, *as a nation*, will throw their *gree-grees* "to the

moles and to the bats," and worship the Lord God Jehovah.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

On a pleasant Sabbath-evening, as we returned from the native chapel, we entered one of the heathen towns of Cape Palmas, to inquire for an absent member of the congregation, who proved to be sick.

As we turned away from his hut, our steps were, as we doubt not, providentially directed towards a group of young men engaged in earnest conversation under the shade of a large and beautiful cocoanut-tree.

Perceiving that most of their faces were familiar to us, we stopped and joined in the conversation. We were surprised and pleased to learn that all of these young men—seven in number—were serious, and that they had evidently been discussing the sermon just preached in the chapel against *gree-grees*, by *Hyano*, of Cavalla, who was formerly a *deyâ*, or demon-doctor.

They were an unusually fine-looking set of young men, with pleasant, intelligent faces.

All, as they informed us, except one, belonged to the same family. When we asked how many of them wished to come out on the Lord's side, they promptly answered, "*All* of us."

We did not for a moment doubt their sincerity. Truth seemed written on their faces; and moreover, they had never been among the number who asked us for presents. Many of the heathen, when they first attend church, call on the missionaries on Monday in expectation of being rewarded for listening to the gospel on Sunday. Those who are led by the Spirit do not do so, and therefore we gladly heard the professions and desires of these young men.

It was suggested that it would be well for them to meet every evening at sunset, and pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. To this they willingly assented, and agreed to go at once to the nearest house, if we would join them. After an interesting conversation, we united in humble prayer to the God who would "have all men to come unto him and be saved."

This was their *first* meeting for social prayer. Once since, we have been permitted to join them, and we trust we shall often do so in future. Just before we knelt in prayer at our

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first meeting, a man came to the door and called, in a loud voice, to one of the young men to "come out and attend to some business;" but he shook his head, and replied decidedly, that "he was talking of *Nyesoa ah te*"—God's concerns—and therefore he could not come.

Even should their religious desires pass away "like the morning cloud and the early dew," we should feel encouraged by the thought that such hardened heathen were even momentarily influenced by the Spirit; but there is much reason to hope that the majority of them will become decided followers of Jesus.

Thus the good seed is beginning to take root in the hearts of Afric's sons. We believe that we now see the dawn of that day, when the sound of Jesus' name shall be heard from heathen lips in every part of this large, dark, mysterious continent; and throughout the earth, "from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord of hosts" shall be great among *all* people; when

> "Jesus shall have dominion
> O'er earth, and sea, and shore,
> Far as the eagle's pinion,
> Or dove's soft wing can soar."

HABITS OF HEATHEN AFRICAN CHILDREN.

ADDED BY REV. H. ROY SCOTT.

HEATHEN African children are trained to be *cruel and unfeeling*. As I was passing by a heathen village, in the vicinity of our mission at Cape Palmas, I heard a great noise, and went in to see what had happened. I found a large number of people, men and women, collected for the purpose of making their children fight. The little creatures were beating and tearing each other, as if they were wild animals.

Such a scene I never before witnessed. Little children, from the ages of five and six to twelve and fourteen—boys and girls—were carried into an open space by their parents and friends, and pitted against each other, as are wild beasts in some nominally Christian countries.

Sometimes, I have been told, the little children, streaming with blood, attempt to run

away; but they are forced back again, and compelled by their friends to renew the cruel sport. Oh, how thankful I felt, as I gazed at these poor children, that I was born in a Christian land.

When a criminal is forced to take *Gĭdu*, a poisonous drink made from the sassawood-tree, the children crowd around, waiting for him to fall, in order to beat him with stones, and pelt him with sticks, which they persist in doing till the wretched victim of superstition expires.

As *Gĭdu* is given to persons suspected of *witchcraft*, few persons are daring enough to defy public censure by attempting to rescue the supposed criminals. So they are left to the mercy of these young savages. The Africans have a great dread of witchcraft, and think no punishment too severe for those who are believed to practise it. They firmly believe most deaths are caused by witchcraft; and whenever a person dies, they attach blame to some individual, or individuals—for often several are tried for one death—and compel him to drink this poisonous cup as a test.

If Christian children could see, as missionaries sometimes do, crowds of boys and girls

laughing and shouting while they trample upon the still breathing body of the tortured man or woman—for there is no respect to sex or age—their hearts would ache for these misguided children; and they would pray to God to send teachers and missionaries to lead them into the right path. Alas, their parents look on and encourage them to act like demons. They have never been told that it is their duty to love their neighbors as themselves. The sublime lessons of the New Testament are entirely unknown to them.

Though hundreds may be standing around, there is rarely a voice raised in behalf of the poor sassawood victim, unless a missionary or colonist happens to pass. Grey-haired fathers and aged mothers vie with young men, women, and children, in heaping insults and cruelties upon the supposed culprit.

This cruelty is also shown towards the *deformed* and the *diseased*. The poor lepers, who go about from place to place in search of food, are much persecuted by the children, who are often mean enough to steal from these unhappy outcasts the scanty portions they have begged.

Oh, what an awful thing it is to despise the

living God, and to be given over to the Evil One. Well did St. Paul paint the horrors of the *darkened* heart, in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans. Missionaries in heathen countries see more and more clearly, day by day, the truth of his descriptions. Truly the heathen are "without understanding, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

These heathen children are not only cruel, but are addicted to *lying and stealing*. Yes, their deluded parents deliberately train them to be thieves and liars. The most adroit thief, and the most successful liar, is the *favorite* child of heathen families. You may be sure, that thus applauded by those whom they naturally desire to please, they permit no opportunity to pass for practising these vices; and in early youth many of them become very skilful in these vile accomplishments.

The missionaries have long felt that, under God, the redemption of poor Africa must be brought about by the proper education of the young. By stranger lips must these worse than orphaned children be taught to know and love that blessed Saviour, who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

African children are almost entirely *wanting in filial respect.* Indeed, they are so far destitute of this virtue, that it is seldom one hears from them the respectful titles, *buo* and *de*—father and mother. They speak to their parents with no more apparent reverence than they would show to companions of their own age. When commanded to do any thing, they obey or disobey, as they see fit; being fully aware that there is little danger of punishment, unless their parents happen to be in a violent passion. When this is the case, they are beaten most cruelly; but such corrections, prompted by rage and revenge, do no good. They frequently rouse the worst passions of the child, and call forth a spirit of retaliation.

A painful illustration of this occurred in my presence a short time since. One of the boys belonging to the mission-school ran off, and refused to return, though positively commanded by his father to do so. At length the old man became very angry, and attempted to whip his disobedient son, when, sad to relate, the boy turned and *struck* his old father. Blinded by passion, he continued to beat the poor old man in the most cruel manner, until some of the

spectators interfered, and separated them by main force.

When the influence of the gospel of Christ shall be felt in Africa, then, and not till then, will children learn to obey their parents, and all classes and ages "render honor to whom honor is due."

You need hardly be told, that the root of all these sins is *want of reverence for God.* Of such a Being they know scarcely any thing. True, they sometimes hear their parents speak of *Nyesoa* as the Creator of the world; but as, at the same time, they see their parents trusting in gree-grees and demon-doctors, they do not imagine that this great Being has any thing to do with them; far less, that he sees and knows every secret of their hearts.

When they look around the house, they see bits of black-looking wood fastened to strings, and little pieces of iron attached to balls of clay, hung in prominent places. These are the *gods* of the people. One of these gree-grees, perhaps, has been given by a demon-doctor, to keep off witches, and to prevent sickness and death; another, to make them prosperous in trade, etc. Each one is supposed to possess

some particular power; and to these miserable bits of wood and iron do the poor Africans look for health, life, and every temporal blessing.

When their friends go to war, they see the demon-doctors making a *war gree-gree*, to protect them from the weapons of their enemies. When they go a fishing, a *fish gree-gree* is made, and hung up on the seaside to insure success; and when they go out to prepare their rice-farms, a large gree-gree is made, and put up in the centre of the town for the benefit of the whole people.

Thus you perceive how much these children need to be taught the knowledge of the only living and true God. They are never told by their parents that God is the author of all their blessings; that he hates sin, and that he has appointed a day in the which he will judge the world, both great and small.

Accustomed from their earliest infancy to see their friends fearlessly indulging in the grossest vices, their consciences do not rebuke them, and it seems hardly to occur to their minds that they are doing wrong.

"Soon as they draw their infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death."

In their infancy, lying and stealing are their most common vices; and as they advance in years, they habitually violate every commandment of the decalogue.

Their tendency to evil being unchecked by moral restraint or public censure, they recklessly commit the greatest crimes for the gratification of an hour. They have been known to put to death men who never wronged them, for a few gallons of rum, or a small sum of money.

Little more than two years have passed since the people of several towns, in this neighborhood, united for the purpose of murdering the captain and crew of the Heroine, an English trading vessel, in order to secure her cargo. The massacre was most bloody and cruel. One only of the crew, an Irish boy, escaped to tell the sad story. He is now employed at the Cavalla mission-house.

While committing this wholesale murder, they were fully aware that they were risking their own lives; for, only a few years previously, the people of an adjacent town had been severely punished by Commodore Perry of the American squadron, for the cruel murder of

the captain and crew of the ship "Mary Carver."

My young readers in Christian lands, do not these facts convince you what an inestimable privilege it is to be brought up in the fear of God? Will you not pray that the day may *soon* come when the name of the Lord of hosts shall be great among the *heathen?*

As these children are not taught to fear God, of course they have *no respect for his holy day.* Those in the vicinity of the mission stations, at least, cannot plead ignorance of the command to keep it holy; for not only do the missionaries visit the heathen towns every Saturday evening, to proclaim the watchword, "*Sŭnde diade*"—Sunday to-morrow—but flags are hoisted with the inscription, "Remember the Sabbath-day;" and the meaning of this commandment is explained to all who are willing to hear.

When the missionary goes among them on the Sabbath, he is painfully struck by the contrast between the children of the Sabbath-school, and those who still remain under the thraldom of heathenism. Follow me on the afternoon of that blessed day to the native chap-

el. Here you will see a number of precious children who have been brought, by God's goodness, from the horrors of heathenism to the "marvellous light of the gospel."

They are lightly but neatly clad, have books in their hands, and are listening with respectful attention to their teachers. If you had seen them marching hither in a quiet, orderly manner when the bell rang, and joining intelligently in the opening exercises, you would say they were not very unlike the Sunday-school scholars of your own happy land. In addition to these scholars from the mission school, a number of little children from the heathen towns attend. This is encouraging; but our hearts yearn after the hundreds and thousands who are still running wild on this holy day.

Come with me now, and let us see how those out of doors are spending the hours of the precious Sabbath. As we pass through the towns, we perhaps see a large number of boys and girls in the train of a woman who has taken sassawood, has escaped death, and is now enjoying the honor of a public triumph. She is fantastically dressed in cloths of brilliant colors, her skin painted with many odd figures,

and her wrists and ancles encircled with numerous small brass bells, which make a tinkling noise, as she dances triumphantly along.

In another place we may see groups of these wild little creatures, dressed in imitation of the native soldiers, marching with grotesque gestures around the town. Perhaps in another spot we shall find a large number busily digging for worms and other insects, to eat. Others are bathing in the sea, or looking among the rocks for shell-fish. It is well you do not understand their language, or your ears would be offended by their obscene conversation. On the approach of a stranger, they generally leave their occupations, and crowd around him with many antic gestures, loudly vociferating, "*Hnyi mo die*"—give me a pin.

As we gaze upon these wild, naked little creatures, smeared with white paint, we involuntarily ask ourselves if these can be the brothers and sisters of the sober and decent-looking children of the Sabbath-school. Yes, it is even so; and we look forward with faith and hope to the time when they too, "clothed, and in their right mind," shall sit at the feet of Jesus.

Having now presented you with a short account of the habits of the children of poor degraded Africa, in taking leave of you, I must beg that you will never forget their wretched condition. You will bear in mind that there is but one remedy, *the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

Many here have received that remedy, and are now in the possession of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Through the divine blessing on the prayers, contributions, and personal efforts of Christians, heathenism may be entirely banished from this strong-hold of Satan, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascend from thousands of the Lord's redeemed. May the Lord enable you all to do your part in this glorious work.

"You daily pray, '*Thy kingdom come,*
Thy will on earth be done,
Thy name be hallowed everywhere,
By all beneath the sun.'

"But prayer alone will not avail
Those blessings to attain;
Christians must *work* as well as pray,
If Jesus is to reign."

Date Due

LIBRARY RULES

1. **No b** ... **witho** ... Borro ... done ... sion losses.

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2. (a) **Reserve Books** may be borrowed for a period of two hours. In case no call has been made in the interval, books may be renewed for a second two hours. (Where there is only one copy, book must be used in the library.)
   (b) Reserve books taken at 10 p.m. Mondays to Fridays are due at 9 a.m. the next morning. A reserve book taken from the library at 12 m. Saturday is due at 9 a.m. the following Monday.
3. Books not on reserve may be drawn from the library for two weeks and may be renewed once for the same period, except one-day books.
4. A fine of five cents a day will be charged on each book which is not returned according to the above rule.
5. **MAGAZINES** ARE **NOT** to be taken from the library.
6. Infringement of these rules may lead to withdrawal of library privileges.

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